

S O N G S, &c.

I N

THE SILVER TANKARD;

O R,

THE POINT AT PORTSMOUTH.

PRICE, SIX-PENCE.

173

*65T-84

OFFICE OF THE

ATTORNEY GENERAL

MEMORANDUM

TO THE HONORABLE

THE SENATOR

FROM THE

ATTORNEY GENERAL

FOR THE

SENATOR

RECEIVED

SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS, &c.

IN THE

SILVER TANKARD;

OR, THE

POINT AT PORTSMOUTH.

As performed at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

IN THE

H A Y - M A R K E T.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand.

M.DCC.LXXXI.

SONGS, DUTIES, PRICES, &c.

IN THE

SILVER TANKARD;

MR.

MR.

POINT AT THE

MR.

Mrs. H.

SONGS, DUTIES, PRICES, &c.

C H A R A C T E R S.

Tom Splicem,	-	-	Mr. BANNISTER.
Ben Mainstay,	-	-	Mr. EGAN.
Jack Reefem,	-	-	Mr. DAVIS.
Ensign Williams,	-	-	Mr. MARSHAL.
Old Rosemary,	-	-	Mr. WILSON.

Sally,	-	-	Miss HARPER
Nancy,	-	-	Miss HITCHCOCK;

Soldiers, Sailors, &c.

CHARACTER

He is a man of
high standing
in the community
and is well
known to all.

THE

THE

THE

along the shore

and being his head

of the land

had made

of moon state

in the here impref;

will ne'er deface

the breast

THE

S O N G S, &c. &c.

I N

THE SILVER TANKARD.

A C T I.

A NAVAL OVERTURE.

DUET—by SALLY and NANCY.

(The Words from an old Lancashire Ballad.)

The Musick by Dr. Arnold.

W I T H arms across, along the Strand
A shepherd walk'd, and hung his head;
Viewing the footsteps on the sand,
Which a bright nymph had made;
“ The tide (says he) will soon erase
“ The marks so lightly here imprest;
“ But time, or tide, will ne'er deface
“ Her image in my breast.

This

" Am I some savage beast of prey,

" Am I some monster grown,

" That thus she flies so swift away,

" Or meets me with a frown?"

This said, he took a running leap,

A lover's leap indeed !

And plung'd into the sounding deep,

Where hungry fishes feed :

The melancholy hern stalks by,

Around the squalling sea-gulls yell;

Aloft the croaking ravens fly,

And toll his passing bell,

II.—SONG—NANCY—*French Air.*

What the deuce, do you think I'm a fool, pray,

And so plain, I'm not fit to be seen?

Sure I'm pretty enough in my own way,

And, my dear, I am now past fifteen ;

Yes fifteen, yes fifteen.

You stun me with scolding ! pray, sister, be quiet ;

Then you'll find me sufficiently tame ;

But if you still scold, I can equal your riot,

And from coolness, I'll pass to a flame ;

Yes a flame, yes a flame.

SONG.

III.—SONG—SALLY.—*Dr. Arnold.*

His presence gives birth
 To good-humour and mirth;
 No pleasure on earth
 Such delight can impart.
 He's so jaunty, so neat!
 His looks are so sweet,
 To the eyes he's a treat,
 And a feast to the heart.

IV.—SONG—ROSEMARY.

The Musick by the Author of the Piece.

When once master Love gets into your head,
 You may go to bed, you may go to bed;
 When once master Love gets into your head,
 You may go to bed for life.
 You frown and you smile, you laugh and you cry,
 And you can't tell why, and you can't tell why:
 You frown and you smile, you laugh and you cry,
 And you wish you were a wife.

B

Love

Love makes such a rout within and without,
 You tumble and tofs, you tumble and tofs;
 He makes such a rout within and without,
 You tumble and tofs for life.
 Your heart goes pit-pat, you're mum, and you
 chat,
 You can't tell for what, you can't tell for what,
 Your heart goes pit-pat, you can't tell for what,
 And you wish you were a wife.

V.—DUET—SALLY and WILLIAMS.

The Words from Suckling; the Musick by Dr. Arnold.

WILLIAMS. — VI

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
 And my defects for graces take;
 Persuad'ft thyself, that jests are broken,
 When little is, or nothing, spoken;
 Know this! thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again and love anew.

SALLY.

If when thy Sally fills the room,
 Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb;
 And

And in striving this to cover,
Dost not speak thy words twice over ;
Know this! thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

B O T H.

Honest lover, whosoever,
If in all thy love there ever
Was one thought wav'ring ; if thy flame
Was not still even, still the same ;
Know this! thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

GLEE.

VI.—GLEE.—*Composed Anno Dom. 1614.*

SALLY, WILLIAMS, and ROSEMARY.

We be three poor mariners, newly come from
the seas;

We spend our lives in jeopardy, while others
live at ease:

Shall we go dance the round, the round, the
round?

And he that is a bully boy, come pledge me on
this ground!

We care not for those martial men that do our
states disdain,

But we care for those merchant-men that do our
states maintain:

To them we dance this round, around, around;

And he that is a bully boy, come pledge me on
this ground!

VII.—SONG—T o m.

Altered from an old Ballad,—Come, push the Glass around.

Come push the bowl about!

In that we'll drown all care, my boys;

Come push the bowl about,

Drink deep, and drink it out!

The

The liquor's sound;
'Twill raise your spirits higher, boys,
To fight, kill, or wound;
May we still be found,
Rejoicing in our fate, my boys,
On sea, or ground!

Chorus.—The liquor's sound, &c.

II.

Why messmates, why!
Should we be melancholy, boys,
Why messmates, why!
Decreed to live or die?
What flinching? fie!
Damn care, drink on, be jolly, boys,
'Tis he, you, or I.
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly.

Chorus.—What, flinching? &c.

III.

Let fate decide!
I mean not to upbraid ye, boys;
Whate'er betide,
No sailor shall complain;
Should next broadside,
Send us to him that made us, boys,
We're free from pain;
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again.

Chorus.—Should next broadside, &c.

VIII.—SONG—SALLY.—*Giordani.*

'Tis true I lov'd Tom Splicem dearly,
 And very dearly Tom lov'd me;
 Another since has touch'd me nearly,
 As brave by land as Tom by sea:
 I lov'd him living most sincerely,
 But death still leaves the lover free.

IX.—SONG—TOM SPlicEM.

French Air.

God of war, god of war!
 Honour now summons to battle;
 God of war, bear me far,
 To the loud cannon's rattle!
 I court no new desire;
 Love, I condemn thy fire;
 War's alarm can only charm,
 And all my soul inspire.

SONG.

X.—SONG—NANCY.

La Lumiere.

When first you took me on your knee,
 And told the wonders of the sea,
 How waves on waves for ever roll,
 And toss the ship from pole to pole;
 How winds from every corner blow,
 Now raise her high, now sink her low;
 My heart kept beating at the tale,
 And with my sighs I swell'd your fail.

ii.

But when, with all a sailor's pride,
 You spoke of fleets drawn side by side;
 Of French and English, ten to one,
 Deck threat'ning deck, gun fir'd at gun!
 My heart admir'd the gallant strife,
 But throb'd and trembled for your life;
 And 'midst the fancied cannon's roar,
 I wish'd Tom Splicem safe on shore.

XI.—FINALE.—NANCY.

The Musick by the Author of the Piece.

Be gay, be gay, be gay !
'Tis Friendship leads the way,
And gives you all a welcome here :
Her call obey,
Come haste away,
Her balmny smile dispels each care.

C H O R U S.

Away, away, O haste away ;
Away, away, O haste away,
For time and tide for no man stay.

R O S E M A R Y.

Away, away, away ;
Make this a holiday ;
My liquors like your hearts are found :
Then sing and drink,
And never think
Grief can exist while the toast goes round.

C H O R U S.

Away, away, &c. &c.

S A L L Y.

THE LILY.

Be gay, be gay, be gay !
Each month it is not May,
The lily and the rose will fade :
Love while you're young,
Nor trust that tongue
Who would our youth from joys dissuade.

CHORUS.

Away, away, away, &c. &c.

A C T : II.

XII.—SONG—ROSEMARY.—*Dr. Arnold.*

WHEN I gayly fill the chearful glaſs,
I care not if the world goes down ;
Hob or nob ! let the bottle paſs,
Social mirth our bumpers crown.

Chorus. Hob or Nob, &c.

Oh ! the wiſeſt man is but an aſs
Who on convivial joys can frown ;
Hob or nob ! let the bottle paſs,
Social mirth our bumpers crown.
Hob or Nob, &c.

The bewitching ſmile of a roguiſh laſs
In this ſmall bowl we can quickly drown ;
Hob or nob ! let the bottle paſs,
Social mirth our bumpers crown.
Hob or Nob, &c.

SONG

XIII.—SONG—TOM—*Vauxhall Watch.*

My name's Tom Splicem, I'll be bound,
A man, a boy, upon this ground
I've gone the world around, around,
Crying, hip, hallo!

II.

When the Dons and Frenchmen come in fight,
O! then my heart it pants for fight,
And if they do not take their flight,
O! we'd trounce them so!

III.

But if like rips they will not stay,
We wait to fight another day;
Another comes, they run away,
So hip, hallo!

XIV.—SONG,—SALLY.—*Dr. Arnold.*

The bark that holds our treasure,
When at a distance seen,
Fear mingles with our pleasure,
For danger lies between!

XIII.—SONG.—II.

But prosperous gales uprising
 To waft her to the shore,
 With double joy surprizing
 Confirm the danger o'er.

XV.—SONG—T O M.—Admiral Benbow.

What failor is anxious, great treasures to hoard ?
 No losses he minds while there's courage on
 board ;
 What tho' I am stranded, my fortune a wreck !
 While two planks hold together, I'll still keep
 the deck.

II.

My heart's splic'd with many, and many a rope,
 And still do I rest on the anchor of hope ;
 Again I'm afloat, should a fair wind befriend,
 Or I go to the bottom, and so there's an end.

SONG

XVI.—SONG—NANCY.—*Dr. Arnold.*

Take this, my gallant sailor,
From a young but faithful maid!
The powers of wealth may fail her,
But her friendship ne'er can fade.
If you fly her, or deny her,
You will tear her heart in twain;
Then, oh! bless her! nor distress her,
Lest she ne'er know peace again.

F I N A L E.

Dr. Arnold.

XVII.—TOM SPLICEM.

Now fickle Goddess, do thy worst!
Fortune, I defy thee;
No longer I for glory thirst,
Far hence, Goddess, hie thee!
Hie thee to the briny wave,
To the tars that court thee;
Their country and their honour save,
Wealth and love support thee!

Chorus. Hie thee, &c.

WILLIAMS.

WILLIAMS.

If love is call'd a pleasure,
 If every heart it warms,
 If friendship is a treasure,
 We brave approaching storms.
 We each perform our duty,
 To earn the smile from beauty,
 While learning nods applause :
 The story well may suit ye,
 That pleads an honest cause.

Chorus. The story, &c.

SALLY.

I've run some risks this night, it's true,
 I've lost one honest lover ;
 Know, ladies all, the girls are few,
 Who could the loss recover.
 But honest Williams look'd so kind,
 So well he told his story,
 You cannot blame a fickle mind
 Which crowns the brave with glory.

C H O R U S.

But honest Williams, &c.

ROSEMARY

ROSEMARY.

'Tis wond'rous strange, young fellows change
From one thing to another;
From love to war they chearful range,
A plaguy foolish pother !
I'll fill a bowl, a swinging bowl,
A bowl as big as twenty,
In which I'll drown each critic's frown,
Nor fear the *cognoscenti*.

CHORUS.

I'll fill a bowl, &c.

T H E E N D .

(88)
*Of T. CADELL, Bookeller, opposite Catherine-street,
Strand, may be had the following Pieces.*

BONDUCA: a Tragedy, written by Beaumont and Fletcher, with Alterations.

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS, THE MAID OF BATH, The COZENERS, The NABOB, and The TRIP TO CALAIS, to which is annexed The CAPUCHIN, all written by the late SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq; and published by Mr. COLMAN. Also

The TAILORS, a Tragedy for warm weather.

BUXOM JOAN, a Burletta in one Act, and the Airs, Duets, Trios, and Finale introduced in the Comedy of the SPANISH BARBER; Likewise SUMMER AMUSEMENT; or, AN ADVENTURE AT MARGATE, a Comic Opera; and the Airs, Duets, and Trios in the Musical Farce called The SON-IN-LAW, as they are all performed at the Theatre-Royal in the Hay-Market.

The MANAGER IN DISTRESS, a Prelude, on opening the Hay-Market Theatre, May 30, 1780. Written by GEORGE COLMAN.

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The Songs, Duets, Chorusses, &c. in the Musical Farce of The DEAD ALIVE, by the same Author.